

**CIHM
Microfiche
Series
(Monographs)**

**ICMH
Collection de
microfiches
(monographies)**



Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1995

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

- ☐ Coloured covers/
Couvertures de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/
Couvertures endommagées
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couvertures restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☐ Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

- ☐ Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☒ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

- ☒ Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

- ☒ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Wherever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

- ☐ Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

L'institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur
- ☒ Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☒ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

- ☐ Pages detached/
Pages détachées

- ☒ Showthrough/
Transparence

- ☒ Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

- ☐ Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

- ☐ Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

- ☐ Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

- ☐ Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
			☒								

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol $\rightarrow$ (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ∇ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:



L'ex
géné

M
B

Les
plus
de la
confo
filma

Les
pape
per le
derni
d'imp
plat,
origin
premi
d'imp
la der
empre

Un de
derni
cas: le
symbo

Les ca
filmés
Lorsqu
reprod
de l'an
et de l
d'imag
illustre

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

Metropolitan Toronto Reference Library
Baldwin Room

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole $\rightarrow$ signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ∇ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.

3

1

2

3

2

3

5

6

MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



1.0



1.1



1.25



1.4



1.6



2.8

3.2

3.6

4.0

2.5

2.2

2.0

1.8



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

1653 East Main Street
Rochester, New York 14609 USA
(716) 482 - 0300 - Phone
(716) 288 - 5989 - Fax

SELECT POEMS

[Handwritten signature]
BY
SIR JOHN SMYTH,
L. L. D. & P. L.



TORONTO:

1841.

53A 965

The following Poems are most respectfully dedicated to the Loyal Inhabitants of Canada, as a small token of his esteem by their

Humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



SEP 25 1928

Thus
their
runner
my vo
shortly
the sal
octavo
I do n
and m
any ot
volume
tament
works
but the
and ot
that c
reading
I could
myself
mitted,
to writ
first po
answers
was as
Post O
much s
I ha
way an
word c
ertain
before
author

PREFACE.

THE following Poems are presented to the intelligent public for their wise and careful consideration, as a specimen, and as a forerunner of the "Upper Canada Genius," which is to be the title of my volume of Poems & other miscellaneous writings that I intend shortly to publish. The following Poems will comprise part of the said volume. This volume will contain five or six hundred octavo pages. My poems and writings are all pure original, and I do not plagiarise and borrow from other authors, as I am often and most falsely accused; I cannot plagiarise and borrow from any other authors, if I was so inclined, for I never read any other volume of poems or other books except the Bible and New Testament in my life; I am often told that I ought to read poetical works; my answer always is that I have no time to read no books but the Bible, that my time is entirely occupied in writing poems and other miscellaneous writings. My answer is let them read that cannot write, I do not see the use of spending my time in reading when I can write without this waste of my valuable time. I could not repeat one verse of any poem written by any person but myself—I was brought up upon a farm, and my education is very limited, only sufficient to answer me as a farmer. I never attempted to write one word of a poem until three years next March, and the first poem that I ever attempted to write, I wrote sixteen verses in answer to a satirical poem of eleven verses from some person that was ashamed to sign the said poem that I received through the Post Office, and I was astonished and surprised with myself, as much so, as though I had seen a person fly to the moon.

I have followed the plough many a long and a hot day. The way and the manner that I come to find out that I could write a word or verse of a poem was entirely accidental, as I always entertained the belief that I could not write one verse of a poem, before I received this satirical poem of eleven verses without the author's name as I mentioned before. I then thought I was called

upon to write an answer to this satirical poem in the same way it was written, and if I could succeed in doing so, and as soon as I could ascertain the writer of the poem, I would send it to the writer of it, but I could not ascertain the writer of this satirical poem accurately, and therefore I could not send my answer.

The poem that I dedicated to the Ladies of the City of Toronto, and that the celebrated Capt. Marryatt was pleased to copy into his late work, intitled his Diary in America, and that he complimented me so very highly upon, was the fourth or fifth poem that I ever wrote. I have written one hundred and fifty poems since, and a great number of prose productions since, and I have received a great number and very high encomiums for my writings.

I have the honor to remain,

Your humble servant and wisher,

JOHN SMYTH, L. L. D.

Poet Laureat & Engineer.

City of Toronto, Feb 1, 1841.

**M Teefy
Richmond Hill**

POEMS, &c.

An extract from the Montreal Gazette, April 14, 1840.

"We are glad to perceive that Captain Marryatt's friend the ingenious Sir John Smyth of Toronto, has produced a poem on the occasion of Her Majesty's nuptials. It is difficult to say whether the simplicity of the style, the beauty and harmony of the language, or the originality of the ideas are most to be admired. In order that our readers may participate in the amusement of the poem afforded us, we here lay it before them."

A POEM

Upon the most celebrated marriage of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.

How happy is the man
Who has got Britain's Queen,
Prince Albert has out-ran
All others it may be seen.

Britain's best and sweet rose,
Prince Albert has now won,
And to his rival foes
He can say he's them out-done.

The lilly of Britannia
Prince Albert has now got,
And our Queen Victoria
Is blessed in her lot.

Britain's most lovely flower
Is most happily united,
And what a most happy hour,
Who has our Queen plighted.

Britain's most costly pearl
Prince Albert has now found,
And he has now won a laurel
That's not in the world round.

The best diamond of England
Prince Albert has now gained;
And most high he does stand,
As he's now the most famed.

Prince Albert is the star,
Now of Great Britain's Isle,
His like you'll meet but rare.
As God upon him did smile.

Our Queen is like the sun
Shining over creation,
And when their lives are spun,
Be blessed with salvation.

—●—
A POEM

*Written upon the Celebration of the most Celebrated
marriage of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen
Victoria, to His Royal Highness Prince Albert.*

How great was the peace, good will and harmony,
That prevailed in our City of Toronto
On the celebration of the matrimony
Of our Queen, and her name will be our motto.

How charming and pleasing to behold and see,
 An unanimous good feeling of young and old,
 Manifesting such good spirits and great glee,
 And may love and good will of us ever be told.

The ribbons, webs, and tartans across the main street
 That were extended from the upper windows
 Were charming, and a good theme for poets to treat ;
 Such splendid displays will drive away our sorrows.

Our market-place was fitted up with green bows
 In a most beautiful and superior style,
 And the numerous flags a flying in two rows,
 And upon each face of the great crowd was a smile.

The Ladies from the Town-hall made a fine show,
 And the fine band of the Thirty-Second and
 Ninety-Third Regiments on the galleries did go—
 And upon either of the sides took up their stand.

At two o'clock all was ready and prepared,
 And the roasted Ox came in drawn by four horses,
 And the Thirty-Second's band played & we're cheered,
 And the tables were prepared in two courses.

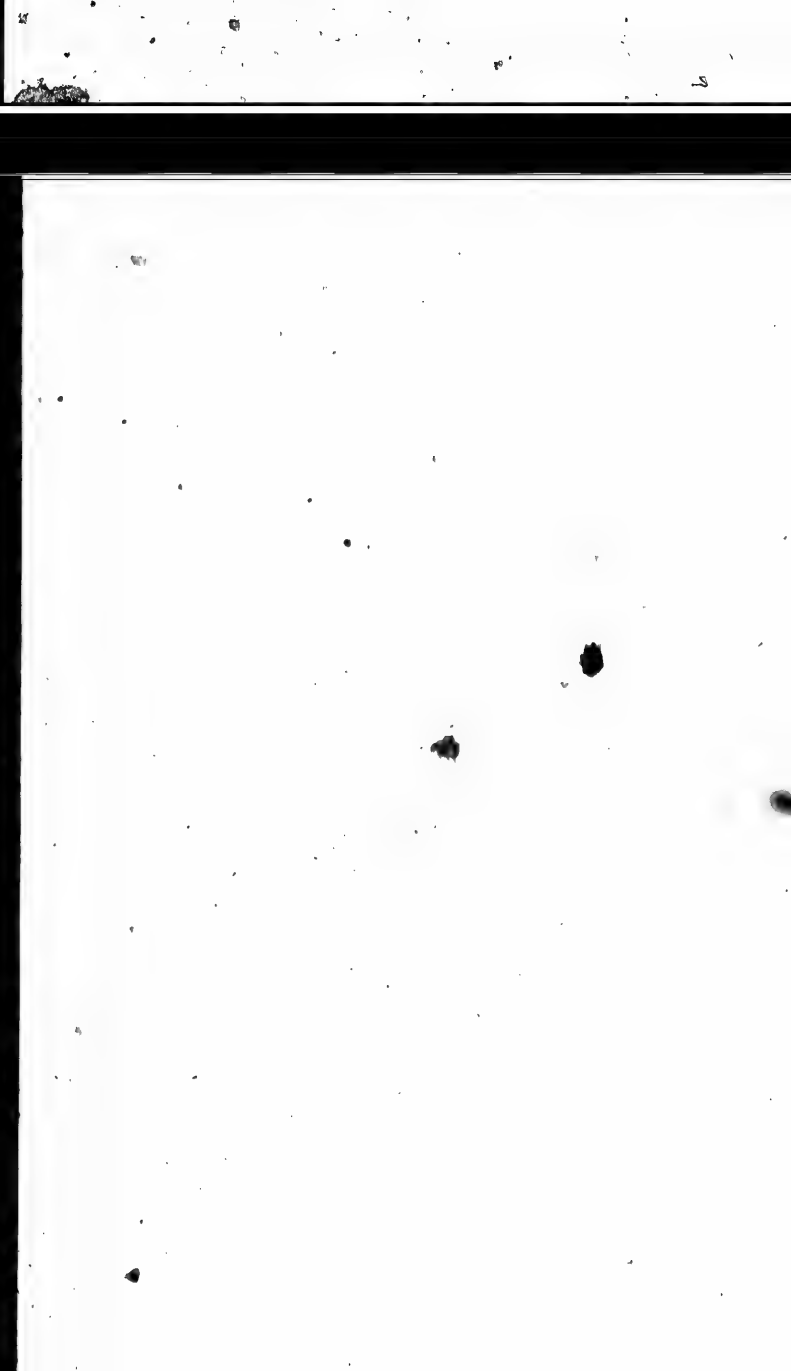
The 32 played the roast beef of old England,
 And the 93's band played God save the Queen,
 And all appeared most majestic and grand,
 And all was beautiful and a transcendant scene.

And plenty of good beer was handed about,
 And all that would of it did then soon partake ;
 It was acceptable, for it was like brown stout,
 As it was said we took some for our stomach's sake.

brated
 Queen
 Albert.

ony,

to.



All appeared to celebrate the happy day
 Of the nuptials of our Queen and Prince Albert;
 And may this colony ere be as a bright ray,
 And may loyalty to our Queen fill every heart.

Now all was made ready for the guests to dine,
 And John Bull like the plum pudding & the roastbeef
 And all that wish'd of it did partake at the time,
 And at this, and glee of the day, all wish'd to be chief.

The people from the country in great crowds came,
 To see the amusements and the great display,
 Made for our Queen and the Prince, for great is their
 fame,

And the happy pair are like two flowers in May.

All was impatient to have the satisfaction,
 To have the pleasure of the evening, and to witness
 The great and the expected illumination,
 And all appear'd to shew good will and it express.

The citizens all appeared to have a wish.
 Their neighbours if possible for to excel,
 Their loyalty for to shew and it to cherish,
 That they made the best appearance that all could
 tell.

The bon-fires, the rockets, and the fire-balls,
 And the balloons added to the evening's grandour;
 Our celebrating this day on the Province calls,
 To follow our example and shew their splendour.

The numerous transparencies were most beautiful,
 And most charming & transcendant they did appear

And the city was most delightful and cheerful,
And it would every beholder animate and cheer.

In the evening our streets were thronged to excess,
With ladies and gentlemen of all classes,
The grand and most superior scene to witness,
And all exclaimed this of all scenes surpasses.

This grand celebration day will make a lasting
Impression of loyalty in every heart,
To our Queen in all—in children now arising
In particular, and from our Queen will not part.

God bless our Queen & Her Royal Consort the Prince,
And may our Queen and Prince Albert long live,
And may we always show our loyalty and good sense,
By our allegiance to our Queen to show and give.

And when our Queen and Prince Albert shall be no
more,

'Be received into heaven with God above,
To reap the reward of the righteous that's in store,
And ever more to sing all redeeming love.

THE Celebrated Captain Marryatt's remarks upon me
and one of my poems, copied from his works, entitled
his "Diary in America." "I must not however omit to
inform my readers, that at Toronto, I received a letter
from a brother author who was polite enough to send
me several specimens of his poetry, stating the re-
markable fact, that he had never written a verse until
he was forty-four years of age, and that as to the us-

'fair accusation of his having plagiarized from Byron it was not true, for he never had read Byron in his life. Having put our readers in possession of these facts, I shall now select one of his printed poems for his gratification and our readers."

From the regard the Author has for the Ladies of the City of Toronto he presents them with the following

ODE

*Most respectfully dedicated to the Ladies of the
City of Toronto.*



How fam'd is our city
For the beauty and talents,
Of our Ladies that's pretty
And chaste in their sentiments!

The Ladies of Toronto
Are fine, noble, and charming,
And are a great memento,
To all, most fascinating.

Our Ladies are the best kind,
Of all other the most fine,
In their manners and their mind
Most refined and genuine.

We are proud of our Ladies,
For they are superior
To all others in their Beauties,
And others are inferior.

Most

He
Th
Wi
To

Th
An
Th
An

Wh
For
Th
An

Th
An
Th
For

from Byron
Byron in his
n of these
poems for

he Ladies
with the

es of the

How favored is our land,
To be honored with the FAIR !
That is so majestic grand,
And to please them 'tis our care.

Who would not choose them before
All others that's to be found,
And think of others no more—
Their like is not in the world round.



A POEM

Most respectfully & particularly dedicated to the Ladies

How lovely and charming are the ladies,
They are far before the wealth of the Indies,
With all their flowing sweet smelling spices—
To love them is the duty of our species.

The ladies are always to be admired,
And for their great value to be desired ;
The ladies can banish all of our sorrows,
And make all right and pleasant that follows.

Who would not honor and love the ladies fair,
For they are to us like a bright morning star ;
The ladies can soothe our troubles and care,
And chase away our grief and our despair.

The ladies are all our thoughts and delight,
And we are pleased when they are in our sight ;
The ladies can soothe our troubled breast,
For with them we fancy we are with the blest.

The ladies charm us and are all our joy,
 To honor and praise them our time we'll employ;
 The ladies we will ever love and adore,
 For of all earthly blessings they are before.

The ladies are to us a star and a crown,
 Their beauties are like a sweet rose just blown;
 From these lovely ladies may all choose a wife,
 And in peace and in love live during our life.



A POEM TO THE LADIES.

How most lovely and beautiful are women,
 And man is only bless'd with them and not till then;
 How most charming and so fine is a woman fair,
 And she will soothe all of our troubles and care.

A fine woman is like a beautiful flower,
 Placed into our most favourite bower;
 A fine woman is like a most costly diamond,
 And she will all other earthly blessings transcend.

A good woman is like a costly pearl so fine,
 She will prove a blessing to man in his life time;
 A good woman is of a great valuation,
 For she will excel all our anticipation.

Who would not love a woman and her adore?
 For she is of all earthly blessings far before,
 And such earthly blessings as she we have but rare,
 For lovely women are like a bright morning star.

A POEM

Written upon the absurdity of any one forming a connection with a person when they cannot first gain their warmest affections.

There are many persons that wish to marry,
Think that if they can get one forc'd into their hands
All will be well, but they will ever be sorry,
That they were joined with them in wedlock bands.

For where there is no affection what will follow,
Hatred and ill will, now will be the consequence,
And your heart will be filled with keen sorrow,
And you will find against yourself in this offence.

It is the height of folly for one to fancy,
Without affection you will ever be happy ;
This is acting like one that's insane and crazy,
And you will be miserable and unhappy.

This like one making a leap in the dark,
And it will prove your ruin and destruction,
For in their heart there is no love, no not a spark !
And for this step you will be driven to distraction.

How unhappy now is your miserable state,
Your now bound to one who has no affection for you,
Repentance now will avail nothing, all is too late,
And peace and happiness you must now bid adieu.



A POEM

Written against parents unreasonably opposing their children from having their free will and voluntary choice of a suitable and fit companion whom they have affection for.

Oh ! how great and most enormous is the crime,
For parents and connections to interfere
With their choice of a consort and choose a clime
For them, and cause them to shed many a tear.

They will be sorry for this when it is too late,
To restrain children in this a great sin,
And without repentance sad will be their fate,
For they will by the evil spirits shut in.

How great is the crime and magnitude of this offence
In preventing connections from having their choice,
Of consort for sorrow will now soon commence,
And the public against you will lift their voice.

Children that is forced into a connection,
Against their free will with them whom they have
no affection,
For they will ever up to them cast a reflection,
And happiness they will have no expectation.

If parents succeed and force there children to marry,
One whom they dispise contrary to their free will,
For this sin and crime they will ever be sorry,
For their affections will be for another still.

How many children are driven to destruction, [lover,
 By parents crossing their children in the choice of a
 And by such opposition are to distraction
 Driven, and they will very seldom recover.

NOTE.—A Mexican girl named Guadalupe Lase, said to have been the most beautiful woman in Texas lately destroyed herself in consequence of her mother insisting upon her marrying a man she did not love—she shot herself through the heart with a pistol. An extract from the *Morning Star* or *Toronto Transcript* of May 6th, 1848.



AN EPITAPH UPON A LADY.

May we all remember that we must shortly die,
 And into the cold silent tomb must shortly lie,
 As our beloved sister that is here gone before,
 And ever live prepared to heaven to soar.



A POEM

Entitled the British Soldier and Sailor.

How exalted is the British soldier's situation,
 And proud he may be to belong to such a nation,
 For he is of very superior grandeur,
 And to belong to their forces is a great honour.

May it never be said that a British soldier,
 Deserted from such a superior colour;
 For most exalted is the British high name,
 And through the universe loud rings their great fame.

Of all other soldiers they have the pre-eminence,
And to fight they are like a rock of defence,
In appearance how very neat they are and clean,
They will surpass all other soldiers ever seen.

Like brave heroes they will most cheerfully fight,
And the sight of them will true Britons heart delight,
With alacrity will cheerfully advance,
In the hardest fight with their enemy trusting chance.

Who would not be the soldier's advocate and friend,
For upon them our nation's destinies depend ;
For instance Lord Wellington the great conqueror,
And Britain's protector, deliverer and great warrior.

And the immortal Admiral Nelson the hero,
Who gain'd many a victory and subdued his foe ;
Britons may well be proud of their gallant men,
And forward they'll go when they get the word when.

Who would not love and extol Queen Victoria,
And do all for the good cause of Britannia ;
And may God bless our Queen and all of her subjects,
And be received above at last and shine like planets.



A POEM

*Upon the Chinese, and the war between Great Britain
and China.*

The ruin and the destruction of the Chinese,
Is now at hand and it does to all appear,
For old John Bull will give them a very hard squeeze
And they will mightily tremble and fear.

The C
Barl
And a
And

The C
And
The in
Unti

The C
And
For thi
And

The ga
A les
That th
And

To con
Will
And th
For v

Most r
Adm
Bay,
and
who

The Chinese are very wise in their own eyes,
 Barbarous cruel and very conceited,
 And all other nations they do much despise,
 And for it they will be abhorred and hated.

The Chinese may boast of their long continu'd peace,
 And their millions and their most numerous host ;
 The insulted British heroes will not cease
 Until they shall cry for peace and all is lost.

The Chinese vainly call themselves celestial,
 And all other of the nations barbarians ;
 For this they will be brought to a just tribunal, [tians.
 And they will have to learn that they must be chris-

The gallant British forces will teach China,
 A lesson that they were never taught before,
 That they must yield to the arms of Victoria,
 And this lesson will make them feel very soar.

To conquer the Chinese numerous legion,
 Will be the greatest victories ever gained,
 And this will be for the cause of religion,
 For with their Idols they have God long profaned.



A POEM

*Most respectfully dedicated to the brave and valiant
 Admiral Sir Robert Stafford, Rear Admiral Walker
 Bay, English, and Admiral Bendiera an Austrian,
 and also the combined forces under their command,
 who was at the siege and the taking of St. Jean*

*D'Acre in Egypt, which was under the command of
Mehemet Ali Pacha.*

Behold ! behold St. Jean D'Acre is taken,
By the combin'd fleets of Turkey, Austria & England
And they did yield after their city was well shaken,
And three hours in hard battle we before them did
stand.

This action was fought the second of November,
In the year one thousand eight hundred and forty,
When the enemy made a complete surrender
To our brave forces that was in the minority.

In three hours time twenty thousand shells and shot
From our combin'd fleets into their city were fired,
And they soon began to lament and morn their sad lot,
And from our hands they very soon peace desired.

Twenty-five hundred of the enemy were slain,
And three thousand gave up and made a surrender,
For our shot and shells fell into their city like rain,
And all that were there will this very well remem-
ber.

Upon our side there were only thirty killed,
Which is very remarkable for to tell ;
And our enemies were very soon with great fear filled,
For they very fast in the city in death fell.

Admirals Bandeira, Sir Robt. Stoddard & Walker Bay,
Will teach the Egyptian Mehemet Ali Pacha,
That it will not do for him with them to play,
For these brave men will oppose all Africa.

Upon t
troy
Gove
Upp

How n
Wh
Of Sir
And

Oh ! h
Of t
He wi
And

It is ou
For
For gr
Aud

Sir Isa
And
We w
For

Sir Isa
Wh
And a
In h

Our h
In t

A POEM

Upon the most shameful crime of the attempt to destroy the Monument of the much esteemed late Lieut. Governor, General Sir Isaac Brock, the Hero of Upper Canada.

How mean, contemptible and low is the wretch,
Who attempted to blow up the monument
Of Sir Isaac Brock, the devil will him soon catch,
And he will be punish'd for ever in torment.

Oh ! how depraved is the man, who is guilty
Of the awful crime of disturbing the dead ;
He will be abhor'd, for he is the most filthy,
And all will him detest as a snake, and him dread.

It is out of the power, Sir Isaac Brock's fame,
For any wretch his transcendant fame to prevent ;
For great and most high is his exalted name,
And his death we will all ever deplore and lament.

Sir Isaac Brock was a star from the east came,
And like as the sun's bright and most shining ray,
We will seldom meet his like and the same,
For his excellence shone like the sun at noon-day.

Sir Isaac Brock was a hero and a conqueror,
Which must be allowed and acknowledged by all,
And a statesman as well as a great warrior,
In his course all would like to run both great & small.

Our brave and gallant hero Sir Isaac Brock,
In the late war with our enemy and foe,

Went to Detroit with a brave little flock
To attack General Hull the pretended hero.

Our hero sent a truce for him to surrender,
We will fight a little first he replied ;
We soon made him give up to our commander,
After a few shots from our cannon were fired.

The victory we gained and so nobly won,
Then to Niagara we came to our home ;
When our fight was finished and done,
And then we had no more so far from home.

Shortly after we had to our station returned,
The Yankee rogues attempted to take Queenston,
We gave them battle and they soon their fate mourned,
And soon off Queenston heights we made them
jump down.

In this action as we advanced up the heights,
Our brave General Sir Isaac Brock was shot,
As he always went forward in the hottest fights,
This was to be the end and our brave hero's lot.

Now our leader was no more, us to grief he led,
But we the enemy sharply pursued,
The same time Sir Isaac Brock we did much deplore,
But we conquered and our foe subdued.

The Yankee fellows to get back,
And to cross the Niagara's rolling flood,
Leaped off the Niagara's towering bank,
And attempt'd to cross, but they found it was not
good.

attempting to get down, some were killed,
 Others fell in the tops of the trees and were dead,
 For these Yankee rogues in great terror were filled,
 And they would feel the cold steel or the lead.

After Sir Isaac Brock our brave General
 Was dead, a monument upon the battle ground
 Was raised to his name and for a memorial,
 His superior you'll not meet in the world round.

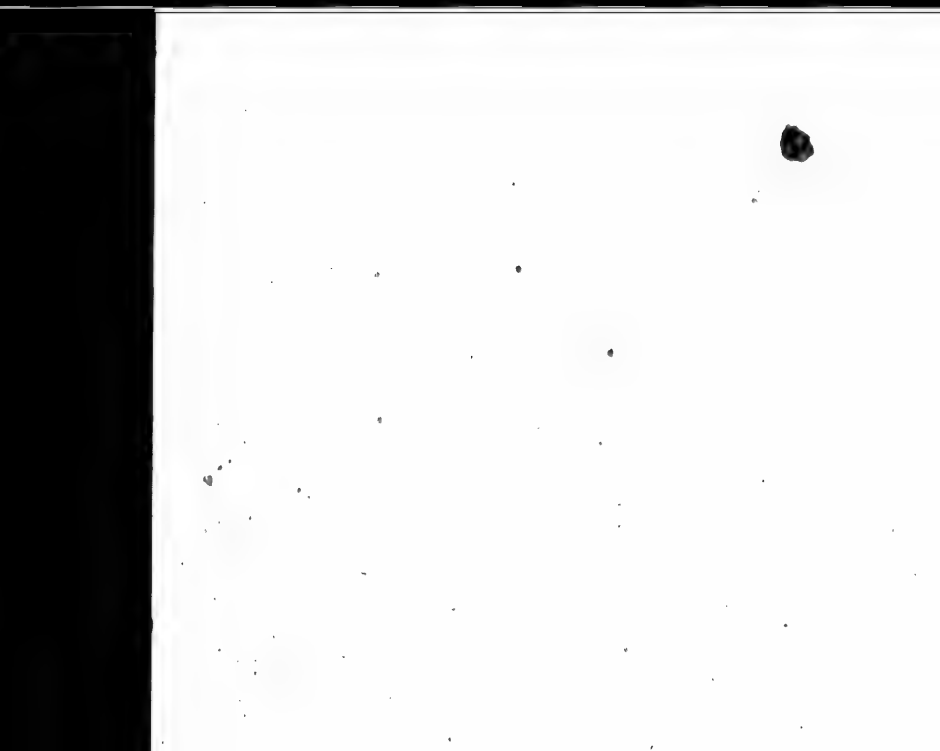
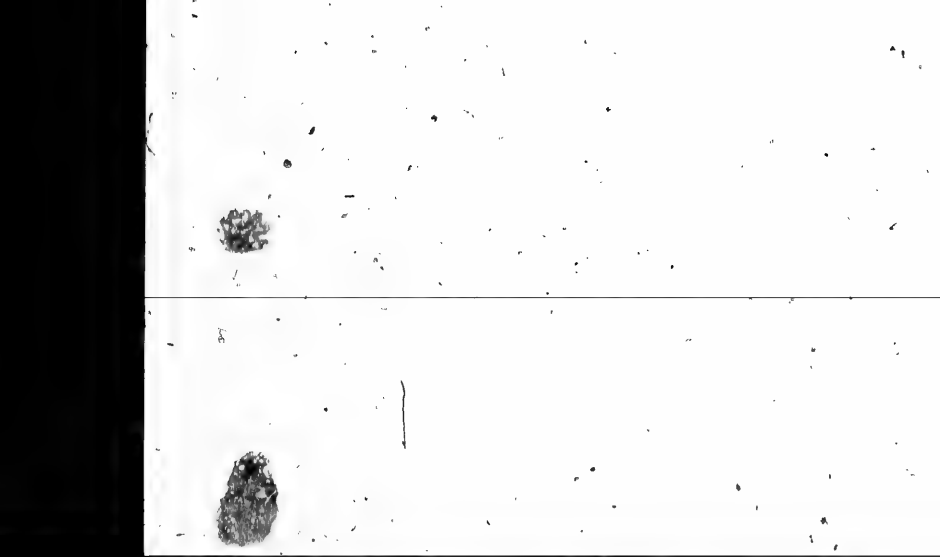
Many years has past by when this desperado
 Of depravity, the monument to destroy,
 And insult the Most High, and show his bravado,
 Did a great quantity of powder employ.

General Sir Isaac Brock in death do sleep,
 Underneath this monument so tall and so high ;
 All that ever heard of this good man did weep,
 And a great distance you could it behold and spy.

Sir Isaac Brock has now gone to heaven to rest,
 To reign with the righteous in happiness above,
 And to remain forevermore with the blest,
 And forevermore to sing all redeeming love.

After the monument was greatly injured.
 A very great number of the militia
 Of this Province upon the spot assembled,
 And to rebuilt the monument gave one day's pay.

By this means there was twenty thousand pounds got
 To build a new monument to his memory,
 Which is to be so well guarded there can no plot
 Be formed such a sacred building to destroy.



Their were about five thousand on the occasion,
 Of all classes and all was most magnificent grand,
 To see so many assembled of our nation,
 In our good happy favourite & most charming land.



A POEM

*To the most Celebrated Captain Marryatt of Her
 Majesty's Royal Navy.*

The most celebrated Captain Marryatt,
 Of our day stand unrivalld as the sun,
 Whose great fame all would wish to arrive at,
 And in his most transcendant course to run.

High on the pinnacle of honour and fame,
 Captain Marryatt is now a soaring,
 And great and exalted is his good name,
 And most widely through the world it does ring.

Captain Marryatt as a writer reigns a king
 Over the known world most triumphantly,
 And his praises all will ever sing—
 And this song all will sing most cheerfully.

Captain Marryatt's fame shines most brilliantly,
 Giving light to the whole universe wide,
 And all will remember continually,
 And will ever look up to him as their guide.

Captain Marryatt is like a bright light
 Shining, and giving light to all mankind,
 And may all continually keep in sight
 Our Saviour, and at last a heaven find.

A POEM

*Most particularly dedicated to our much esteemed
Brother, the Rev. William Case, a British Wes-
leyan Preacher.*

1st.—The Portuguese Hymn or Sunshine.

Our most dearly below'd Brother, the Rev. Wm. Case,
Was the first person to sow the good seed
Among the native and the Indian race,
And for it they were in very great need.

How most degraded were their situation
Before he went to them to preach the gospel,
Sunk deep into depravity were their nation,
And very deep into misery they had fell.

Great is their change since they embrac'd Christianity,
And took upon them the Christian's holy name,
No more live and act like men of insanity,
And ever to be liable to censure and blame.

The Indians are now a religious and good class,
And respectable good and loyal subjects;
Now all may see what religion has brought to pass,
And they are no more as degraded rustics.

In one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five,
Was the year Brother Case preached glad tidings
To the natives, and the Lord with them then did strive,
And then they did rise like eagles upon their wings.

How great has been the Almighty's great power,
In raising these poor mortals from their low estate.

And making them like a beautiful flower,
And saving them from their miserable fate.

May God ever bless the Indians and Brother Case,
And when they are here no more be receiv'd above
In heaven, forevermore to sing God's free grace,
And forevermore to sing all redeeming love.

Note.—The Indians above mentioned are in Upper Canada.

A POEM

*Most particularly dedicated to our Most Gracious
Majesty Queen Victoria and Her Royal Consort
Prince Albert, upon their miraculous escape from
instant death.*

How thankful we ought to be to God for all his mercy,
Particularly in the attempt of assassination
Of our Queen and Prince Albert in the late tragedy,
And how great is God's goodness and manifestation.

May we continually praise God for all his goodness,
In preserving our Sovereign and Her Consort from
death,
And may we never be ashamed God to own & confess,
For he always watches over us & keeps us in health.

How great and horrid is the crime, to try to take the life
Of our most gracious Queen Victoria & her Consort,
And to hurry into eternity husband and wife,
And deprive the British nation of their hope and
comfort.

22
Our most gracious Queen and her Royal Consort
Prince Albert,

Are like two roses or two lillies only just blown,
And how cruel is the enemy, and hard is the heart,
To cause our Queen and the Prince unto death to go
down.

Our good and most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria
And Prince Albert, are like a bright morning star
and the sun;

they are the exalted pride of Britannia,
And our Sovereign has the hearts of her loyal sub-
jects won.

And may God bless our good Queen and her Royal
Consort the Prince

With health, long life, and from them may a host of
young planets spring;

and may we love our Queen and the Prince, and
show our good sense,

And be received in heaven at last, God's love ever
to sing.

NOTE.—Our good and most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria's
power and influence shine over the earth, like the natural sun
shines over our earth, and Prince Albert her Royal Consort, is like
a shining star borrowing its light from the sun.

—•••—
A POEM

Upon the North-Eastern Boundary Question.

The long disputed north-eastern boundary line,

That has excited Britain and America,

Now appears most hostile, and like war a sure sign,

For Britons will protect the claims of Britannia.

Brother Jonathan must not vainly suppose,
That Britain will ever surrender her just claim,
For she will her enemies to the last oppose,
And to gain her just rights will never spare no pains.

Brother Jonathan need not think that John Bull
Will be frightened for all he can do or say ;
He will find that he cannot him humbug and gull,
And with him to trifle and his navish tricks to play.

Brother Jonathan will fear when John Bull does roar,
And his enemies will mightily tremble and shake,
And if they go near him he will make them feel sore,
And they will most terribly tremble and snake.

I would advise Brother Jonathan to be careful,
Not to awaken the strong Lion of England ;
For the Lion will act and behave most fearful,
And the Lion will always maintain his bold stand.

Brother Jonathan will find that it will not do
For him with the Lion to trifle and to play,
For the Lion will sharply bite all that near him go,
And are so foolish and silly to go in his way.

Let Jonathan learn to let the Lion alone,
For the strong, powerful, and furious Lion,
Will make Brother Jonathan for his crimes atone,
And Brother Jonathan, the Lion will ride upon.

Note.—It is to be understood in the last line of the above Poem,
that the Lion will ride upon Brother Jonathan.

A POEM

*Most respectfully dedicated to the Infant Princess,
Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa, daughter of our
beloved Sovereign Queen Victoria, and Her Royal
Consort Prince Albert.*

Rejoice ! rejoice, an heiress is born to the Throne of
England,
In whom our Queen Victoria and the Royal Prince
are blest ;
And she is come from parents that is most majestic
and grand,
On whose exalted head the Crown of England may
hereafter rest.

This young Princess was born on the twenty-first of
November,
In the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred
and forty ;
All that live under the rule of Britain may this re-
member,
And may the foes of this young Princess be in the
minority.

And may she and her exalted parents God own and
him confess,
And from his holy laws and commandments never
to depart ;
And may God continue to bless with his smiles our in-
fant Princess,
And our Queen Victoria, and her Royal Consort
Prince Albert.

And when the Royal Family are here on earth no
more below,

Be received by our blessed Redeemer in heaven
above ;

From the most adorable Saviour whom all blessings
ever flow,

There evermore to sing Christ's unspeakable and
redeeming love.



A POEM

*Upon the Seat of Government being removed from the
City of Toronto.*

Fellow-citizens of the city of Toronto,

You must not be frightened and alarmed,

And let your property for a little go,

For I am resolved you shall not be harmed.

If the seat of government is taken away, [grow,

My projected improvements will make this town

When they are finished it will shine like a bright ray,

And money in this town like a river will flow.

You must now unite with me and give me your aid,

To bring my projected plans into effect,

And then astonishing and great will be our trade,

And immense will be the money we will collect.

I don't ask your money these improvements to make,

My plans provides for raising the money required ;

What I am now doing is all for your sake,

And these improvements are much to be desired.

These
I me
When

For

And a
Fro
That
The

And a
Fro
Then
An

The g
Wi
Indep
An

Not
and ab
north
ship o
of the

Brot
And

These projected improvements are as follows:—

I mean in this town to bring the Don and Humber ;
When these improvements are made we'll have no
sorrows,

For our riches will increase beyond number.

And also to make a railroad to lake Huron,

From this town through a most beautiful tract of land
That all things may in great speed be carried upon,

These improvements will appear most majestic and
grand.

And also a railroad to the Balsam lake,

From this city the distance is seventy mile,

Then to go there from this town will a short time take,

And from there to this city will take a short while.

The great advantages of these projected improvements,
Will make this town flourish and blossom like a rose,
Independent of the profit of fifty governments,

And when these improvements are made we'll laugh
at our foes.

Note.—The Balsam Lake is north-east of the city of Toronto,
and about twenty miles east of Lake Simcoe, and about forty miles
north of Lake Ontario, in the fourth township north of the town-
ship of Clarke and in the Newcastle District. This Lake is one
of the numerous chain of Lakes of the River Trent.



A POEM

Upon Brother Jonathan or the Yankohs.

Brother Jonathan has now roused the British Lion,
And he will boldly on the American Eagle leap upon,

And it will not be very easy to quiet John Bull,
For Brother Jonathan must not think him to humbug
and gull.

Brother Jonathan will now have to smart for his folly,
For the Lion now upon Brother Jonathan will sally,
And Brother Jonathan will begin to be sorry.
And for his impudence will now tell a different story.

The case of McLeod and the north-eastern boundary
question

Now must end, and great will be the Yankohs grief
and reflection;

The Yankohs will now find to the British arms they
must yield,

And with great shame run and sneak away and give
up the field.

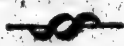
The Yankohs will now be filled with shame and con-
fusion,

And they will now find out they have been in a great
delusion,

And with great shame the Yankoh deceivers will long
remember

That they had to be humbled by John Bull and him to
surrender.

NOTE.—Yankoh is the Indian and the original name of the word
Yankee.



AN ODE TO SAM PATCH.

In the United States lived Sam Patch,
He was the wonder and astonishment of all;

For a little money to gain and to catch,
He would plunge into the deep from the highest fall.

Crowds of persons went to see Sam take his leap
From his elevated situation so high,
Down below into the foaming water so deep,
He would like unto a bird most swiftly fly.

When Sam Patch was about his last leap to take,
At the Genesee Falls he said it was the last,
Which he would here ever in this world make,
And the world would ever remember what was past.

Away goes Sam Patch never to rise again,
Into the foaming deep and grave below,
There until the judgment day lie and remain,
At the Genesee Falls were the waters flow.



AN ODE ON THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

How mighty and beautiful to behold,
The great and splendid Niagara Falls;
Thy magnificence cannot half be told,
Which is the great astonishment of all.

This wonder of the world is great and grand,
We're raised in thought from earth to heaven;
When we view the works of God's gracious hand,
And exclaim, thy works were to us given.

The longer we view, and do their remain,
New beauties will continually arise;

82
And beauties more difficult to explain,
Which will greatly astonish and surprise.

How transcendently great the appearance
Of the gigantic and majestic fine scene,
Which warns us to give God due reverence ;
Of all Wonders and Falls she's the Queen.

—•••—
ACROSTIC.

S on of the muse, begotten by Apollo
I n most harmonious embrace, while music
R ung in their bed-chamber making the offspring

I n every attribute of mind a Poet.
O thou thrice happy blest with Prophetic sight !
H ear thou the humble praise of one
N ever till now who tried a single line.

S incere my lay, short tho' it be ;
M y fancy flatters as it tries to soar
Y on clouds among in which thou sit'st enthroned—
T he adored of all who know true poesy :
H ail " Sir John Smyth !"

L ong mayest thou live to shed on Canada
L ustre till now she ne'er thought to enjoy !
D ebtors to thee her sons confess themselves,

& offer thee their poor reward in praise—

P raise which to unsainted would be sinful !
L et us have something more in thy own style.



